

THE FANDOM TIMES

COVER STORY

Everyone seems like so much badly electrified, some nice and cozy moments with some apple juice and a nice radio broadcast would make everything great again.



FRI: DOCUMENTARY

JUNGLE OF CONCRETE: THE UNOFFICIAL CONTINUATION OF URB

Documented by: Beowulf McFloof/Stew Prew/Megumi Hudson

Location:MLTVRS-BOOKS-SPZ

There's a lot of wildlife documentaries about animals and nature out there, isn't it folks? So, for doing something different than the usual drill, me and my friend from the former The Multiverse Journal named Stew, and Megumi who seem a lot better than the last time, are going to document what we're going to explore on the Urb.

As you might expect, Urb is an American post-apocalyptic mess divided into gangs' turfs after a really big earthquake, dubbed as The Big Shake. I know that it wasn't really nice saying that it's a mess, but that's what it is.

Currently, we appear to be in a turf where's no described in Spaz's book, but it doesn't have any less abandoned buildings than Bangers, or Monke Boys, or Vandals. But somehow, this turf doesn't feel like a total mess, as Megumi seems like she's having fun with the gasmask we took for being protected from the poisonous fog all-over the Urb. I thought we're kinda in the wrong multiverse, as a gang who wears orange fox fur all over their clothes starts to surround us.

FR2: Detective Cases

THE PROWER& ASSOCIATES: COTTON EYE

"Where did you come from, where did you go, where did come from, Cotton Eye Joe?"

Case researched by:Miles Newsfollow (MLTVRS-002-DTCTV)

This is a question that everyone asked for too long, even before the American Civil War had took place. Everyone asked it with banjos and bluegrass fiddles, those who didn't asked were danced within the tune the asked ones made with the harmony. After over two centuries, we'll at least try to lift the mysterious curtain surrounds the person who's known as Cotton Eye (or Cotton Eyed) Joe.

THE LORE BEHIND JOE

So here's the stuff I found about Joe and his song:

- Cotton Eye Joe is well known in the southern American states before 1861.
 - Several people known the song.
 - Hispanic/African American slave people who are in a Texan plantation is known for singing the song.
 - First printed version is from 1882, written in a local Alabaman dialect.
 - The narrator in the song laments about his girl being attracted and stolen by Joe, who's a cross-eyed and skinny handsome man. all the way up to Tennessee.
 - "Cotton eye" mostly means blinded eye, or the cottons in the eye socket to stopping the bleeding, due to the lack of modern medical treatment at the time.
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And the additional lore from the 1994 version by the Swedish band Rednex:

- Joe came to the town to have some fun, caused the gals running away from the town.

FR2: Cotton Eye

HYPOTHESES ABOUT THE TRUTH

So, with the crumbs of a possible lore, I have these:

Joe is a really well known Tennessean guy among the southern with his looks and natural charm, a model, or a movie actor maybe. The intense and passionate fiddle sounds might comes from a fangirl that's really good at playing with it, as a cry to make him return or something.

And, in our modern day America, serenades and dedicated love songs are a thing so, Joe can be the unnoticed, but recorded, first homegrown prince charming in the southern America, unlike the European ones from fairytales.

THE THING IS, JOE MIGHT BE DEAD BY NOW

Unless he's a vampire or something (it wasn't implied that Joe doesn't suck blood and has a really pale skin as a paper anywhere), Joe's like, dead by now. So, plan B, where I'll try to find something useful to know about him more, while investigating the locations Joe could ever be present.

FR2:Driving A Lot

TEXAS, ALABAMA, TENNESSEE

The notes from the states that I drove to with my international driving license:

- Texas and Alabama: The local black people confirmed that their slave ancestors sure sang the song with their fellow fiddlers and banjoists, with blagging about a local kook named Joe from back then.
- Tennessee: The state where the legendary Joe is thought to drag the narrator's girlfriend. Here, I can see a small statue of Joe here, right into the Nashville. There isn't much to see here, only some stores and people killing time in outside. When I asked about Joe to the Tennessean people, they said that Joe had a fairly quiet life with the woman he brought back to his home here, dying in the year 1943. They also said that they put the statue to commemorate him after Rednex made people remember him again, thanking them so much.

ARN'TCHA THE MAG PUBLISHER?

With enough information to complete his lore, I drove back to the HQ in Seattle. When I entered into my office, I found Noire, my business partner who always monologues like those monochrome film noir movies, and Tails, talking to a mysterious girl. "'Ow can it not be the fam'us mag'zin' publisher in here? Ah need to talk wit' yer bawss." the girl with a really thick accent resisted, while Noire and Tails trying to explain that this is a detective bureau, not a publishing house. "Hey, what's going on here?" I asked them. As soon as she heard my question, she stepped towards me. " 'Ello, mah pardner. Are ya Random Da Random Fox, from da Fandom Times?" she asked me. "No, I'm Miles Newsfollow, the head detective in here, but he's my one of the close business partners, why?" I asked to her. "Ah heard 'bout dat yer lookin' for da Cotton Eyed Joe, don'tcha?" "Well, yeah, I did looked for him, but the local people in Tennessee said that he died decades ago. Please forgive my rudeness but I can't see the connection between him and you suddenly appearing in my bureau, all the way to Seattle."

ONE BY ONE

After I said that to her, I slowly began to pay attention to her appearance: a western styled young gal with a cotton patch on her right eye. "Wat's wrong, pardner? Ya suddenly stopp'd for a bit." she asked concerningly. "Who really are you?" I was thinking, while staring at her. A bit later, the words started to drop from my mouth by themselves, "Can I touch your eyepatch?" I said apparently, as she said to me later. "Mah, mah cotton eye? Sure, but please don't go hard on it, 'cuz it still aches w'en it gets pressured. Y'know, when ya get an accidental bow in yer rite eye." she accepted confusedly, letting me to touch her patch. Instead of going forward and mindlessly touching her eyepatch, my eyes swiped to the pinboard that I made for the case, seeing a downtown picture of Nashville I took, Joe's statue and a small and antique toy store appears to having toys looking exactly like her. "Pardner, are ya really sure dat nothin' is wrong? Yer spacin' out too frequently in front o' meh." she continued to talk, while I was grabbing the photo and putting it side by side with her. And everything got a reason in my mind. She curiously took a look at the photo in my hand, saying "Ooh, nice photo of mah rootin' tootin' town o' Nashville ya got here, but why would ya take a photo of meh, pardner? Are ya secretly in love o' meh?" she asked. "But, how?" I asked. "Really? Didn't ya know meh, the Cotton Eyed Joan, pardner?" she joyously shrugged me off. "But, there should be a reason for all of this." "Lemme explain, please. So, ah'm Joan, da cowgal who I follow'd Joe up to Tennessee from mah man." "It doesn't seem right, since I said earlier, Joe is dead, but you're still alive up to this day. Are you a vampire or something, Joan?" "No, ah'm not a blood suckin' vampire, just an alive doll who doesn't ages and fiddles anywhere when som'one needs som' movin' tunes." "An antiaging doll, huh? Okay Joan, but did you ever told about that to anyone, even to Joe?" "No, ah didn't tell anyone about it, even to 'im. And ah waited for 'im for so long after he got drafted to the military, until 'ey said that he died in World War 2." Joan explained her side of the story, with silently sobbing. "After Joe was dead, ah left the town and had a long an' boring life by mahself for decades, until ah heard about a detective was looking for 'im. 'Ey said dat ya came from the farwest state o' Seattle, wit' lookin' like a jurnalst who came from a well known newspaper, to tell his story to da millions, aren'tcha?" Joan continued to talk, finally breaking to tears.

A BRAND NEW LIFE WITH HIM

I kid you not, I haven't seen someone who is so broken while crying in my entire life than Joan was. After I gave her a towel to wipe out her tears, she kindly thanked me, with feeling better than before. "Hey Joan, if you really want to meet him, I would like to try to make you get to know him." Joan got shocked, saying "Really? Wouldcha really do dis for meh? Yer a really good fella, ya sure are. Ah won't forget dis favor o' yers." Joan exclaimed joyously. "But ah don't know how ah can help 'im watsoever, so ah'll pass, thank ya."

[END OF THE TRANSMISSION]

[That was the pilot episode of the detective series The Prower & Associates, and you're listening to The Fandom Radio 2, broadcasting from Seattle.]

FR2:The Street Talks

LATE NIGHT:NOT YOUR AVERAGE INDIAN SOAP OPERA

[For the best entertainment experience, we suggest you to read the lines with a stereotypical Indian accent. -The Fandom Radio Livestream Team]

["Fiddlesticks Annie" Kaneko: Folks, I guess we'll better off if we start the show with a sketch about something that's really familiar to y'all, shall we?]

Act 1

Sanghnaya (an old woman,trying to run across the sofa what resembles a rich Indian household, sounding hurried and panting):Vishna, you're running late to the prayer to the almighty Jadu, be hurry!"

Vishna (a younger woman than Sanghnaya, picks up her grandma from the ground.):Okay grandma, will come in a second.

[At the prayer, in a temple dedicated to Jadu]

Sanghnaya (holding her hands together, sounding desperate and sincere, heading towards a silly looking statue): O the almighty one, the precious Jadu, please give my family peace and happiness, all our prays are upon thou.

Vishna (imitating Sanghnaya's movements and tone):Jadu please, rich sugar daddy vaste jroori hunda...

[Without Sanghnaya and Vishna noticing while sleeping after the prayer, some glitters shines on Vishna for a split second, as a sign of Jadu accepting their prays.]

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FR2: Late Night's Indian Soap Opera

VISHNA 'S MAN

Act 2

[Vishna starts to wander around the streets of an Indian village, her neighborhood.]

Vishna (behaving like a flowery Pollyanna, without noticing her surroundings.): Oh, good morning India, everything is so awesome tod--

[Vishna gets hit by an expensive looking car by an accident and she faints]

The driving guy (a pretentious guy by everything he does and says): Oh my Jadu, I killed someone, AMBULANCE! AMBULANCE! SOMEBODY CALL THE AMBULANCE!

[Skipping to the hospital room, the guy who hit her with his car and her family waits for her to wake up over her hospital bed. A bit later, she starts to open her eyes, seeing the guy who hit her.]

Vishna : Wh-who are you?

Guy: Your man.

Vishna: But you hit me.

Guy:I don't care, I can buy a new one.

Vishna: Okay, all forgiven.

[The End]